

An Ode to a Living Legend and our Leading Light- G.Viswanathan

Published on the occasion of the marriage of

Kadhambari S.Viswanathan

(D/o Mr.Sankar Viswanathan &Ms.Ramani Balasundaram)

With

Dr.A.Sravan krishna

(S/o Dr.Govinda reddy &Ms.B.Malini)

With heartfelt warmth and deep affection conveying best wishes



By Maraimalai Ilakkuvanar

An Ode to a Living Legend and our Leading Light

Canto I – The Child of Destiny

Birth, early years, roots in Tamil soil, the stirrings of ambition.

Canto II – The Call of Service

Entry into public life, leadership in Tamil Nadu Assembly.

Canto III – Voice in Parliament

Journey to Lok Sabha, ministerial role, dedication to public good.

Canto IV – The Seed of a Vision

Turning point from politics to education; the dream of a new temple of learning.

Canto V – The Birth of Vellore Engineering College

The founding years, struggles, and steadfastness.

Canto VI – VIT Ascends

Transformation into VIT, rise to a national institution.

Canto VII – Campuses Across the Land

Expansion to Chennai, Amaravati, Bhopal, Bangalore.

Canto VIII – A Temple of Research and Innovation

The global outlook: research, industry partnerships, flexible learning.

Canto IX – Honors from Distant Shores

Recognition in the U.S.: West Virginia, SUNY, Rochester, global acclaim.

Canto X – Friend of the Tamil Tongue

Thamiziyakkam, Tamil Pulavar Kuzhu, his cultural devotion.

Canto XI – The Students' Song

Voices of youth who found hope and futures in VIT.

Canto XII – The Leader and the Community

Connection to Tamil diaspora, FeTNA honors, global Tamil pride.

Canto XIII – The Flame of Service

His continued efforts in society, education, and upliftment.

Canto XIV – The Legend in Our Time

A living light, respected across continents, both educator and statesman.

Canto XV – The Eternal Legacy

Concluding with the exemplary mission of his life, a voice to future generations.

Canto I – The Child of Destiny

In Tamil land where rivers gleam,
Where temples guard the timeless dream,
A child was born with steadfast eyes,
A spirit vast, both strong and wise.

No crown of gold, no royal line,
Yet destiny had marked a sign;
For in his breast the fire did glow,
A thirst to serve, a will to grow.

The village paths, the humble school,
The tender heart that shunned no rule;
Each page he turned, each step he trod,
Prepared him for a greater nod.

The people's tongue, their grief, their song,
He learned to love, to right the wrong;
For early on his soul did see,
That life was meant for service free.

Canto II – The Call of Service

The drums of youth began to sound,
A restless fire the boy had found;
The cause of men, the land's great call,
Awoke his heart to give his all.

The Assembly gates first heard his name,
A statesman rising into fame;
With steady word, with noble aim,
He played the people's ancient game.

Not thirst for power, nor greed for gold,
But duty's torch his hands did hold;
And in the chambers, high and vast,
He pledged to serve till breath be past.

The voice of Vellore, strong and true,
Resounded as the seasons flew;
And in the state's remembered scroll,
His service shone, a shining role.

Canto III – Voice in Parliament

From Tamil's fields to Delhi's dome,
The leader strode, no more at home;
In Lok Sabha's resounding hall,
He pledged his strength to serve them all.

The nation's pulse beat in his word,
The cries of voiceless hearts were heard;
In minister's chair his duty lay,
To guide the land in ethical way.

Through law and order, toil and plan,
He sought the good of fellow man;
And politics became the ground,
Where wisdom's seed was firmly found.

Canto IV – The Seed of a Vision

Yet in his heart another flame,
A nobler dream began to claim;
Not only laws nor fleeting power,
But something built to ever flower.

He saw the youth with yearning eyes,
Who sought to scale the boundless skies;
And knew within, the truest art,
Was shaping mind, and soul, and heart.

Thus turned his step from halls of state,
To labor on a grander fate;
A temple where the young might grow,
And knowledge like a river flow.

Canto V – The Birth of Vellore Engineering College

The year was eighty-four by name,
When first the vision leapt to flame;
With little wealth, with boundless zeal,
He forged a dream both true and real.

Vellore's soil received the seed,
A college born of tireless need;
The early years were stern and hard,
Yet faith endured, and stood as guard.

Through trials deep, through days austere,
He built with love, without a fear;
And in those halls, both plain and small,
He saw the dawn that blessed them all.

Canto VI – VIT Ascends

The years flew on, the work grew vast,
The humble dream was crowned at last;
For VIT, by nation's voice,
Became a house of learned choice.

Not stone alone, but spirit high,
Not walls, but wings to reach the sky;
A place where minds might boldly strive,
Where visions kept the flame alive.

The institute, by wisdom led,
To countless fields of glory spread;

And VIT became the name,
Of India's pride, of world acclaim.

Canto VII – Campuses Across the Land

Not Vellore only bore the light,
But many cities shared its might;
In Chennai's tide, the banner flew,
In Bhopal's ground, a shrine anew.

Amaravati's plains were crowned,
And Bangalore with joy was found;
Each campus built with steadfast hand,
Bright citadels across the land.

So education's star was sown,
In many soils, yet one alone;
A single dream, a guiding flame,
That lit the nation's heart with aim.

Canto VIII – A Temple of Research and Innovation

But greater still than halls of stone,
Was vision vast, uniquely shown;

That learning must not end in book,
But outward to the future look.

He bade the youth to seek, to find,
To train the hand, to shape the mind;
In research halls, in science' quest,
They sought to serve, to give their best.

Industry joined with scholar's might,
And progress shone with radiant light;
So VIT became the ground,
Where dreams of tomorrow are found.

Canto IX – Honors from Distant Shores

The world beheld his noble deed,
And honors came with gentle speed;
From western lands, across the seas,
Were laurels brought on honor's breeze.

West Virginia hailed his name,
New York inscribed his deathless fame;
And Rochester with joy did stand,
To crown the leader of this land.

Doctorates high, both rare and true,
Were placed upon the brow he knew;
Not for himself, but as a sign,
Of vision vast and work divine.

Canto X – Friend of the Tamil Tongue

Yet though the world his fame did bear,
He held his Tamil heritage dear;
For language sweet, for poet's song,
His love was deep, his faith was strong.

Thamiziyakkam rose with might,
To spread the tongue, to guard its light;
And scholars found in him their guide,
With Pulavar Kuzhu at his side.

Thus culture's flame he bore along,
A servant true of speech and song;
That Tamil soul, both vast and free,
Might shine for all eternity.

Canto XI – The Students’ Song

Within the gates of VIT,
A thousand voices sing to thee;
For countless lives were shaped anew,
By dreams thy vision bade pursue.

The poor, the lost, the hearts in need,
Found hope within thy work and creed;
Each student’s tale a witness stands,
To one who shaped their minds and hands.

O living guide, O teacher true,
The world is bright because of you;
And in the youth thy spirit grows,
Like endless stream that ever flows.

Canto XII – The Leader and the Community

Nor India alone was blessed,
But far abroad thy work confessed;

For Tamil sons in distant shore,
Beheld thy name, and loved thee more.

At FeTNA's hall, across the seas,
They hailed thy noble legacies;
"Highly Noble," was their call,
A title worthy, true of all.

Thus both at home and far away,
Thy star still shines, thy deeds still stay;
A leader not of land alone,
But of a world that thou hast known.

Canto XIII – The Flame of Service

Yet still he toils, though years have flown,
His spirit restless, never done;
For service is his constant creed,
To heal the world of want and need.

In council, hall, in scholar's meet,
In every home, on every street;
His hand is stretched to guide, to bless,
To build a world of happiness.

No rest he claims, no crown of gold,
His wealth is hearts, both young and old;
His glory lies in noble deed,
In answering every human need.

Canto XIV – The Legend in Our Time

O living light in mortal frame,
The world already knows thy name;
Yet greater still, thy work of grace,
Is written in the human face.

A statesman once, an educator now,
With vision vast and noble brow;
Thy life itself, a shining page,
An epic sung from age to age.

The halls of VIT resound with cheer,
The Tamil voice grows loud and clear;
And in this time, thy legend stands,
A guiding torch to many lands.

Canto XV – The Eternal Legacy

When years shall fade, and dust shall fall,
Thy name shall echo over all;
For not in stone alone thou art,
But graven deep in every heart.

The dream thou sowed, the flame thou bore,
Shall burn till time shall be no more;
And future sons with grateful breath,
Shall guard thy name beyond all death.

O Viswanathan, guiding star!
Thy fame is spread both near and far;
A Living Legend, Leading Light,
Whose guidance leads to our nation's might.

Epilogue

So ends the ballad, yet the tale goes on.
For a life such as his is not confined to verse;
it flows in the daily hopes of students,
in the echo of Tamil's proud tongue,
in the corridors of learning that bear his touch.

When centuries turn and voices fade,
the legend of Dr. G. Viswanathan
shall remain etched as both light and guide.
His is not the story of one man,
but of a spirit that kindled countless souls.

And so, the ode shall live—
an eternal flame to a Living Legend,
a Leading Light for all time.

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Best wishes from the Honorary Editorial Board, KuralNeri (E-zine-
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சிறப்பாசிரியர் குழு: முனைவர் பொற்கோ (முன்னைத் துணைவேந்தர், சென்னைப்பல்கலைக்கழகம்)
முனைவர் இ.சுந்தரமூர்த்தி (முன்னைத் துணைவேந்தர், தஞ்சைத் தமிழ்ப் பல்கலைக் கழகம்) முனைவர்
இர.பிரபாகரன் (மேரிலாந்து,அமெரிக்கா) முனைவர் அன்புசெயா (சிட்னி,ஆத்திரேலியா) பாவலர் முரசு
நெடுமாறன் (மலேசியா) பேரா.மன்னர்மன்னன் (மலேசியா) பேராசிரியர் பெஞ்சமின் இலெபோ (பிரான்சு)
கவிஞர் அழ.பகீரதன் (இலங்கை) கலாநிதி சயந்தினி விக்னராசன் (இலங்கை) பொறியாளர்
ச.இராசகுமாரன் (அயர்லாந்து) எலியாசு (சிங்கப்பூர்)திருமதி.மதிவதனி பத்மநாதன் (சுவிட்சர்லாந்து)
திருமதி.தாமரை சீனிவாசராவ் (கம்போடியா) முனைவர் இராம சுந்தரம் (கொரியா) தீனதயாளன்(கனடா)
பேராசிரியர் தமிழியலன் (சென்னை) இணையாசிரியர்; பாவலர் செல்வ.மீனாட்சிசுந்தரம் பொறுப்பாசிரியர்:
மறைமலை இலக்குவனார்